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# A Trip to the Orient

Alice Pickford Brockway

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# A TRIP TO THE ORIENT

Flag Drill by a Part of the Girls' School in Kinhwa

# A TRIP TO THE ORIENT

Leaves from the Note-Book

OF

ALICE PICKFORD BROCKWAY

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# A TRIP TO THE ORIENT

## I

IT was 1 p. m. on October 15, 1914, and the Continental Limited was just pulling out of the North Station, Boston. We were bound for Chicago; bound for San Francisco; bound for China—the land of which we had dreamed so long, and over which our hearts had yearned since childhood—the land over which we had wept and prayed that she might be among God's redeemed ones.

We had just waved farewell to those who had come to see us off. Our good doctor had left his patients to come and bid us "Bon voyage"; and some of our friends from the Chinese mission were there, with their parting gifts and good wishes—one beautiful remembrance being a magnificent gold and jade pendant, wrought in the semblance of two dragons surrounding the central piece of jade, while a tiny pearl was coming out of the dragons' mouths. This gift was from the members of the Chinese Christian Endeavor

Society. What can exceed the generosity of the Chinese people? Two of the women also were there.

There would have been many more had we not requested them not to come. We felt we could not bear it. The afflictions and burdens of the past eight months had told on us, and we were pitiably weak and nerve-shattered. We were going now to try to forget some of these past experiences; though we could *never* forget the one dearer than life, whose weary body we had so recently laid to rest when her glorified spirit had ascended on high; and we prayed that, if it might be possible, she would be our guardian angel on all the long, long journey, and that God himself would go with us every step of the way.

We could not realize even now that we were bound for China. The fact seemed like a dim unreality as we settled ourselves for the journey of three thousand miles by rail across the continent.

We arrived at Chicago the next day about dusk, where we spent the night, and in the morning met the rest of our party, who were to travel with us as far as Shanghai; and at ten-forty-five we were again pulling out of the Union Station on "The Pacific Limited."

For many miles we passed quantities of cattle, sheep, and pigs, which reminded us of one of the principal industries of the West. Then night shut down around us.

While the porter was making up our berths the elec-

tric lights suddenly went out, leaving the entire train in darkness; but the burnt wire was soon fixed, and light from within again illuminated our car; and then we sought rest in sleep. It took considerable seeking to find it, however, as the train kept stopping, jerking, starting, and then stopping again.

We knew when we reached Omaha by the time, the stopping, and the shifting of the cars.

When the dawn came we beheld the mountains of Nebraska. It was Sabbath morning; but nothing which we saw would cause us to realize the fact. We were crossing miles and miles of rolling prairies, on which we frequently saw herds of cattle; and ranch succeeded ranch all along the way.

These ranches consisted generally of a large barn, outbuildings, haystacks, a windmill, and small house, with cattle everywhere.

Sometimes we saw washing hung on a wire fence to dry; and quantities of sage-brush, while cowboys were riding round on their broncos.

Now and then we came to a village so typically Western that we could have no doubt where we were; but oh, how seldom did we see a church.

Until we take note of it ourselves, we can scarcely realize what life must be to men on these Western ranches with so little to remind them of the Eastern homes they have left; but riding along in the train, and seeing the contrast, we realize something of the need of the wonderful work which is being done by

our American Baptist Publication Society, as the workers try to reach these neglected places with their chapel cars and gospel wagons.

We passed many stock-cars containing cattle and sheep, and could but feel sorry for the creatures in their crowded condition.

In the middle of the afternoon we reached Cheyenne, the most pretentious place we had seen since we left Chicago, having passed Omaha in the night. Just at sunset the mountains came into view, and the blending of clouds and peaks was exquisite. Then night shut down, and we slept.

With the first light of morning, however, we hastily dressed and went back to the observation car. The scenery was grand beyond words: those wonderful mountains, over which the sun was just rising, some of them snow-crowned, all of them draped in autumn foliage, mostly yellow, but with patches of red here and there; the gorges, through which rushed a deep, narrow river, and overhead the blue sky with its fleecy clouds.

Spellbound we gazed, while the words of the psalmist came to our minds, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people"; and again, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Just before reaching Ogden we passed many little houses, so characteristic of Utah; and then, as the train steamed into the station of that city, we gladly

left it for a few minutes' walk on the platform and a breath of the cool morning air.

Here, for the third and last time before reaching San Francisco, we turned the hands of our watches back one hour.

Soon after leaving Ogden we began our beautiful ride across the Great Salt Lake.

For thirty miles we were charmed by the scenery. Behind us lengthened the narrow pier, or bridge, with its single track, across which our train was bearing us, while on either side foamed the salt water, spreading sometimes as far as the eye could see; and in the background rose the mountains.

This wonderful pier, built at tremendous cost, shortened our journey many hours.

We could not forget, however, as we viewed this grand scenery, that the blight of Mormonism was on this fair State; and out from its heart go missionaries east, west, north, and south to spread its deadly contagion.

Utah was soon crossed, and then Nevada, and in the morning we opened our eyes in California.

Our train was on time, so at 9 a. m. we reached Oakland Pier, crossed the ferry, and were in San Francisco.

It was a familiar, yet new, sight; for we had not visited it for eleven years, and a second San Francisco had risen, phenixlike, out of the ashes of the old.

Our rooms had been engaged at the Hotel Stewart.

But here a surprise awaited us. For scarcely had we entered the office before a telephone call acquainted us with the fact that Miss Stewart was a friend of one of our dearest and best-beloved friends, whom we last saw in San Francisco, but who, since the fire, had removed to Los Angeles; and so our dear friend had announced our coming, and a delightful welcome awaited us; while later, a fragrant bunch of violets, mignonette, and maidenhair fern, which our loved one had ordered, was sent to our room, and brought joy to our hearts and happy tears to our eyes.

The following day we took a ride through China-town to the Presidio, Golden Gate Park, and the Cliff House; but oh, the changes since we saw the city eleven years before. We could scarcely realize where we were, and a wave of homesickness swept over us as we remembered that what had been so dear to us in the past had been swept away, and was now only a sad, sweet memory, and that even our friends had been scattered. It is not the same to us, and never can be again.

## II

THE following day we visited the Chinese Methodist Episcopal mission and church; the home for Chinese girls, where we had spent so many happy days in the past. Yet even this was not the same, for the home itself was new as well as the church, and our dear friends, the mission workers of former days, were all gone; while not more than two or three of the girls whom we knew then were still there.

The superintendent called one of these who, though she was but a little girl when we had seen her last, remembered us, and ran to us with a glad cry, throwing her arms around us and kissing us.

She took us into the school where another whom we had known as a little girl was assisting in the teaching. She too remembered us, and in turn took us upstairs in the church where the pastor and his wife lived. The wife was one of the older girls whom we had known and loved, and as we sat in her bright and pretty home we talked of the others whom we had known but could not now see. We were permitted, however, to see one more, for the pastor's wife went to the telephone and called "Susy," whom we re-

membered as the little interpreter of the home. She had married a dentist, and was the mother of two little boys, one of whom she brought with her. She was wearing Chinese clothes, which we thought were extremely becoming to her, as she sat before us in her blue silk *shaam*, with her hair done partly in American and partly in Chinese fashion.

Oh! if these reunions on earth are so sweet, what will heaven be like, when we clasp in our arms once more the loved and lost of earth?

The next morning we visited the home of Sum Sing, the Chinese colporter, employed by the American Baptist Publication Society.

He had just gone out, and the four older children were at school, but Mrs. Sum and the three younger ones were at home. She could not speak much English, but with her little knowledge of it, and our extremely limited amount of Chinese, we managed to have some conversation.

She expressed a desire to see a picture of my mother—the dear sainted one who had helped to place Sum Sing in Chinatown as a colporter, and who, until she entered into rest two months previous, had continued to support him with her gifts. I greatly regretted that her little miniature, which was my constant companion in travel, had been left at the hotel; but though these two never met on earth, I trust that they may greet each other face to face up yonder.

After a brief call, Mrs. Sum sent one of her little

girls to conduct us to the Chinese Baptist church, in which building is also held the school, where we met Miss Ames, our friend of former days. It is a pretty little church, built on the site of the old one, but quite different in appearance.

When afternoon came we took an auto ride and visited the Exposition grounds. How proud the people of San Francisco were of those beautiful buildings! They were making wonderful preparations for the coming exposition, on which seven millions of dollars had already been spent, though only one or two of the costly structures were to remain after the exposition was over.

The grounds were about two miles long and half a mile in width. Each State had its own building, that for Massachusetts being a reproduction of the main part of the State House, with its gilded dome. There were beautiful statues and paintings on many of the buildings, while the "tower of jewels" glittered and sparkled in the sunlight; but we thought the most beautiful sight of all was the magnificent water-front, with its view of the mountains and the Golden Gate in the distance.

In the evening, Sum Sing, with his oldest daughter, Ruth, and son David, called at the hotel to see us, and we were glad of the opportunity to meet them before leaving.

On Saturday, October 24, we arrived at Pier 42 of the Pacific Mail S. S. Line, and went on board the

S. S. Mongolia. She was a noble ship of twenty-seven thousand tons, and was filled to her utmost limit. There were a large number of Chinese, Japanese, and natives of India on board, besides the first-class passengers, the latter including a large party of missionaries with their families. The crew, waiters, and cabin-boys were Chinese.

We did not sail at one o'clock, as had been advertised, on account of a party of fourteen having been delayed by a washout on the railroad. But we swung out into the stream and waited while a tender went over to Oakland for them. About four o'clock she came alongside, and the anxious and thankful fourteen came aboard.

We started directly then, steaming out of the bay and through the Golden Gate, bound for China.

We watched the pilot-boat leave us, and felt that the last link binding us to shore had gone; then we settled back in the steamer-chairs to read our letters—loving messages which filled our hearts with joy, and reminded us that the thoughts of dear ones went with us. After dinner we again went on deck, and watched the silvery patch of moonlight on the water till we sought our rooms for rest.

On Sunday religious services were held in the social hall, conducted by one of the missionaries. Tuesday there was a strong head wind, and the sea was rough, compelling some of us to remain in our berths; but Wednesday dawned quiet and beautiful.

In the afternoon we witnessed a fire-and-boat drill. We knew it was to take place by the preparation on deck, so we were not alarmed when the blowing of the whistle and the ringing of the bells brought part of the crew on deck. Some of them ran for the hose, and soon a great stream of water was flowing. Another blast from the whistle, weird and prolonged, brought the entire crew, including cooks, waiters, and cabin-boys on deck, where they lined up and awaited orders. At another blast from the whistle, some of them ran for life-belts, which they put on, and others for the lifeboats, into which they climbed; and at the final sounding of the whistle, the boats were lowered to the level of the steamer's deck, where they were inspected by the officers, who gave further instructions.

We were interested to see the drill, but prayed that it might not be necessary to see it enacted in the actual emergency of a fire at sea.

As we neared Honolulu we noticed a decided change in the temperature. It became quite warm, and the water was a deep blue. By this time we had seen considerable of our fellow passengers, and had learned something about the ship's company.

The crew numbered over three hundred, making a total of more than fourteen hundred persons on board. The many turbaned men, we learned, were Hindus returning home to join the army and have a part in the terrible struggle which was then convulsing so large a part of the world.

The missionary party, including wives and children of missionaries, numbered about ninety.

There were a Japanese count and countess on board, who, on account of the war, were leaving Germany, where he had been ambassador, and were returning to their home in Yokohama. She was a tiny woman, and was miserably seasick during the first part of the voyage.

There were the women who smoked cigarettes on deck, and the young people who played shuffleboard all day, Sunday included, as well as the crowd who got up an "auction pool," and gambled over the number of knots the ship would make—all kinds of people bound for the lands across the sea. But though many things pained and annoyed us, we were made glad each morning by the songs of worship from the room opposite our own, where the missionary family united in singing, "Jesus bids us shine," and "I'll be a sunbeam."

The steamer was heavily loaded with freight as well as passengers, and the ceaseless throb of the engines told us how she was striving her utmost to cover the miles which lay between us and our desired haven.

## III

FRIDAY forenoon we first saw a distant line of some of the group of Hawaiian Islands, but it was five o'clock before we had passed quarantine inspection and were really docked.

The sail among the islands had been beautiful beyond description. They are mountainous, and some of the peaks rise quite sharply skyward. Some distance out in the harbor we saw a Japanese cruiser lying at anchor. One or two German boats were lying nearer shore, not allowed to leave. Numerous little motor-boats, flying the Stars and Stripes, dashed gaily through the water, giving life to the otherwise quiet scene.

As we neared the pier we beheld a crowd of Hawaiian boys, clad only in tights, swimming by the side of the ship. They were hoping the passengers would throw money to them. When a coin strikes the water their brown bodies immediately disappear beneath the surface, soon to reappear, however, one of them holding up the coin in triumph before placing it in his mouth for safe-keeping.

Once on shore we were not long in securing a motor-

car and driving to the "Punch Bowl," as it is called. This is really the crater of an extinct volcano. The road, which was soft and rutty, wound round and round the side of the mountain, and the chauffeur dashed round curves and bends at a rate which made our hair stand on end, and we were bounced and jolted in a way that we should have considered alarming at home; and, indeed, it was quite alarming even here. Great quantities of the varieties of cactus known as the prickly-pear grow all along the roadside, and from some of them the men and boys were gathering the fruit which is considered good to eat.

It was just sunset, and the red and gold tints of the clouds added to the glory of the scene, for there at our feet lay the valley, the city of Honolulu, and the bay, while just behind us were the mounds of lava formation, brown and rugged.

As we descended we had a superb view of the valley, with its quiet homes, in many of which lights had already begun to gleam. We regretted that the darkness gathered so quickly as we rode through the streets of the city, out toward Waikiki Beach and the Aquarium, but we could see something of the pretty little bungalow houses, surrounded with luxuriant palms and flowers.

Waikiki Beach, which is about two miles from the city of Honolulu, is considered one of the most beautiful bèaches in the world, and is famous for good bathing and surf-riding. It is certainly beautiful, even at

night, as the white-crested waves come rolling quietly in on the smooth sand.

We wished the night might have been as pleasant as the evening, but the heat and the noise of coaling greatly interfered with our comfort.

At ten o'clock the next morning we slipped away from the dock, passed out of the harbor, and headed northwest toward Japan. On we steamed, day after day, setting our watches back daily by the ship's bell as we went westward. Then there came a day which to us was not a day; for Wednesday, November 4, we dropped from the calendar as we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian, and having gone to bed on Tuesday night, November 3, we wakened Thursday morning, November 5.

As the weather was so warm, a bathing-tank or swimming-pool was rigged up on deck, which was the joy of numbers of men and women, as well as the boys, one of whom had previously been heard to remark: "Say, wouldn't it be great if this boat should stop just now and let down the ladder and let us fellows go down and swim round? Gee! wouldn't it be great?"

Since there was such a large missionary party on board, a service for Bible study or missionary experience was appointed for ten o'clock daily, in the dining-saloon.

At one of these gatherings, Rev. Geo. S. McCune, who with his family was returning to Korea, told of

some of his experiences there, and of the wonderful spirit shown by the Korean Christians, who suffered persecution and imprisonment and even stripes, as did Peter and Paul and the Master himself, being unjustly accused of things of which they were not guilty. He also gave the experience of a young Korean girl who was returning with them to her home. It seemed that she had been betrothed to a young Korean who had previously come to America, and whom she had come out to marry; but when she saw and talked with him she felt that there was something lacking in his Christian experience. He did not know the Bible; he did not study it; he could not even repeat the names of the books of the Bible; this last she told with great consternation, and she was not satisfied to marry him. There were pleadings and arguments, but the girl stood firm. She could not fulfil her engagement to a man whose life did not measure up to the spiritual standard to which she felt it ought; so, although a stranger in a strange land, and from a good family, she expressed her willingness to go out and scrub and work to care for herself, and give him the opportunity to go to a Bible school, using for this purpose the money he had intended to spend in buying silks and jewels for her. Then at the end of a year she would see whether she could marry him or not. To this proposition he agreed; but remained in the school only about one week. Later, it was learned that he had been leading a dissipated life while in America.

It was then that the missionaries with whom she had come fully realized that the girl had acted wisely; and although at the time neither she nor they knew where the money was to come from which she owed the man for passage-money out, for clothes, etc., together with an exorbitant rate of interest which he had charged her, or where she could get money for her passage back, yet later it was all supplied by different ones who heard her story; so the Lord's promise was fulfilled, "Them that honor me I will honor."

This dear girl also showed many times her willingness to witness for her Master. On one occasion she asked a fellow passenger on the train the pertinent question, if he loved Jesus "*very much,*" and on discovering that he was not a Christian at all, with real distress in her voice, she told the missionary with whom she was traveling that there was an American man up there who was a heathen, and begged him to go and talk with him. This little incident subsequently led to the man's conversion and uniting with the church.

The same spirit of witness-bearing was shown on the steamer on her return voyage, when she did not hesitate to speak to the steward, the barber, or any one for whom she felt the Lord had given her a message.

As we heard this story of a girl from a heathen country showing her faithfulness to the One who had said, "Ye are my witnesses," we thought how often we, in

Christian America, fail to tell the gospel story to these foreigners who come to our shores.

The two days previous to our reaching Japan the sea was rougher, and the last day was also rainy. We were uncomfortable and sighed for land, while the weather grew colder and the wind whistled dolefully. But on Wednesday morning, November 11, we were in sight of that for which we had longed, and after passing quarantine we came to anchor just inside the harbor of Yokohama.

River Scene, Yokohama

## IV

AS soon as possible we boarded a tender and were soon on shore. A few steps from the dock we found plenty of jinrikishas in waiting, and choosing a man who could speak some English, we stepped in and were borne away on our first ride by a smiling little Jap, who trotted along in the shafts much as a child might do in playing horse.

Could it be possible that we were really in Japan? Again and again we asked ourselves the question; but everywhere we looked we realized it more and more.

We rode first through the streets where the public buildings and consulates were, then through streets lined with beautiful shops on either side, and on out to the park. Then we went back along "Theater Street," so called because there is little besides theaters there, so that one might suppose all the people of the city spent their entire time at these places. Finally we visited the temple, located at the foot of a beautiful hill, with another temple at the top, and shrines and tablets all around.

Here our hearts were saddened by the sight of a wee old woman, with such a serious, earnest face, walking

back and forth as she worshiped. She held in her hands a bunch of what looked to us like candle-wicking, and each time she walked from the front of the temple to the end of the boardwalk she said a prayer and counted off one of these white strings. Some little children stood watching her; but on she walked, and counted, and prayed, minding neither them nor us, while the odor of burning incense and the chanting of the priest inside emphasized the fact that these poor souls were without a knowledge of the true God, whom we know and love.

One thing was noticeable—the number of babies and children; the former always carried bound on to the back of the mother or of an older child, sometimes scarcely larger than the little one who, with wobbling head and face exposed to the sun's rays, was bounced along.

The women's dress was picturesque, yet often it lacked the trim neatness which we always had attributed to it from the pictures we had been accustomed to see of Japanese beauties. The click, click of the wooden shoes, held in place only by a strap, greeted our ears everywhere; and the children and other pedestrians who lingered in the streets were warned to move out of the way by a cry from the rickshaw men, as a chauffeur sounds the "honk, honk" of his horn at home.

We were just in time to see the city decorated with flags and Japanese lanterns, in preparation for a parade

Garden in Japan at the Bluffs

to celebrate the surrender of Tsingtau. The Japs were jubilant, but the few Germans and Austrians on board our ship were crestfallen to learn that they would not even be allowed to go on shore.

On the following day, as the Mongolia was not to sail until noon, we had an early breakfast and went ashore in the first launch. After a little riding through the streets and gazing into shop windows, we ordered our jinrikisha men to take us to the bluff. This is the hill overlooking the city, where most of the foreigners live, and where the mission compounds are. We made a bargain with our men for the trip, but at the foot of the hill they halted, while other rickshaw men came running to us to inquire if we wanted a "push man," and declaring that "One man no can." It is, indeed, a steep ascent, and both men grunted noticeably as they toiled up.

At the top we visited a most beautiful garden, or nursery, where we saw many of the dwarf trees, for which Japan is famous, and beautiful chrysanthemums, for it was the season for these flowers. The garden was built on a hillside; and the effect was most charming.

Before descending to the city proper, we called on our old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Dearing, who greeted us cordially and urged us to make her a visit on our return trip.

We sailed at noon, and at noon of the following day reached Kobe. Here we also visited one of the

temples and made some purchases, among which were some beautiful specimens of tortoise-shell, which we found for about one-half the price we should have to pay at home. We also saw them making the damascene jewelry and the Satsuma ware, which latter is fired again and again as each color is put on. We could not wonder at the high cost when we realized the amount of work and time expended on a single specimen.

By ten the following morning we again weighed anchor and started on our journey through the beautiful Inland Sea.

The shallow waters do not favor ocean vessels, so we steamed slowly. There were also numerous fishing craft all the way, which added to the picturesqueness of the scene, in itself so charmingly beautiful, with islands rising abruptly from the water at all points. Unlike the islands we saw when approaching Japan, these were mostly covered with verdure, while here and there a lighthouse rose white and stately from the green below.

By the next morning we had passed out of this Inland Sea and were headed for Nagasaki.

It was Sabbath morning, and the weather had grown cold again. I felt depressed and physically ailing from a cold contracted just before we reached Japan. We seemed very far from home, and a wave of homesickness swept over us; but at divine service there came a message. The congregation sang:

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.

We bowed our heads and listened to the sweet words, and though they brought tears to the eyes they gave peace to the heart; while the Scripture lesson, from the fourteenth of John's Gospel, we felt was meant for us. We had asked for comfort and help, and we found it. The text was a part of the first verse, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God"—words of helpfulness for which we thanked the heavenly Father.

We did not reach Nagasaki until night of the following day, but learned that by being a day late we had escaped a bad storm. We had no opportunity to go on shore, as we spent the night in coaling and started early the next morning. The coaling there is unique. Scores of coal-laden barges come to the ship's side, and the coal is handed up in small baskets, from one coolie to another, over the side of the ship, and then the baskets are thrown down to be refilled. So numerous are the coolies, and so quickly is this done, that the coaling is accomplished in fully as short a time as at the other ports.

Thursday morning we were in the Yellow Sea, and realized how it got its name, for the water is densely colored by the mud which is washed down by the Yang-tse-Kiang River. We began to see the Chinese

junks, and as we entered the mouth of the river there were hundreds of them.

We could not go all the way to Shanghai on our steamer on account of the shallow channel, but came to anchor at a place called Woosung, about nineteen miles from the city, where the tug from Shanghai came to meet us. As we saw it approaching, we scanned eagerly the faces of those on board and were made happy when we recognized our friend, Doctor MacKenzie.

Owing to the large amount of baggage to be transferred, it was nearly the middle of the afternoon before we started, though we had come to anchor a little before noon; but, finally, we bade good-bye to the ship which had been our home for the past three and a half weeks, and were carried up the river to Shanghai, where, waiting on the jetty, we saw Mrs. MacKenzie and other friends, including Mr. R. D. Stafford, the treasurer and business manager of the American Baptist Missionary Union, at whose home we were to be entertained.

There we bade good-bye to the friends with whom we had traveled across the continent and the ocean, and found rest in a stationary bed and luxury in a room beautifully large and comfortable.

As Doctor and Mrs. MacKenzie were in haste to return to the work which they had left on purpose to come down and escort us up the river, our stay in Shanghai was necessarily short, but we had a day and

a half in which to see the sights and visit the shops. We found it a beautiful city, with fine buildings in the foreign concession and along the Bund, and typically quaint and interesting ones in the Chinese parts. It seems strange that things so unlike can be in a single city. There were tall, turbaned Indian policemen, native Chinese, and British officers.

To our surprise we learned that there were over one hundred thousand Cantonese in the city. We were privileged to visit the Baptist Cantonese school for girls, under the charge of Mrs. Bryan, of the Southern Baptist Board.

The following day, about noon, we were driven to the railway station quite in American style, excepting that the driver was Chinese and wore a remarkable hat. It was quite amusing to hear the rickshaw men scream to pedestrians to get out of the way; the drivers of the carriages in turn gave warning howls to the rickshaw men; while the "honk, honk" of occasional automobiles cleared the way of all before them.

The station was reached after a drive of about three-quarters of an hour, mostly through the Chinese section, where all classes are to be seen, and beggars were numerous, running along by the side of our carriage, holding out hands or baskets in appeal.

We found the station a pleasant building, and the cars fairly comfortable, divided into first, second, and third-class.

# V

THE ride to Hangchow took about four hours and was most interesting, giving us a wonderful opportunity to see the country life of China. We passed numbers of farms, where the even and well-kept rows of Chinese vegetables showed the thrift of the people. We saw men beating out rice by hand; we passed them hoeing, carrying, and doing all kinds of work; we saw the cows and water-buffalo which they use for work as we do oxen; but perhaps one of the most unique and interesting sights to us was the graves, which were everywhere. These graves were, for the most part, little brick structures built over the coffin, which was above ground. The bricks were generally whitewashed. Occasionally we saw a coffin covered only with straw, showing the poverty of the people; and now and then one simply laid on the ground, awaiting a lucky day for burial. Most of the graves were at a distance from each other, but sometimes there were two or three together, and in a few places we saw a little group, looking like a family burying-ground at home.

On this ride we also got our first sight of a Chinese

pagoda, passing three or four, all built on the top of some hill.

We reached Hangchow about dark; indeed, we had to carry a lantern on our walk from the station to the boat which was to take us up the river, on the last part of our long journey. We went on board, but did not start until the next morning, as these boats always tie up at night and only travel by day.

To describe one of these river-boats to one who has never seen them is no easy matter. They are of different sizes, but the same style. The center of the boat is covered with a rounding top which extends down the sides as well, and the inside of this covered part on a large one, like that on which we traveled, is arranged something like a pullman car, with only lower berths. These bunks are on each side, with the passageway between considerably wider than the aisle in the car. The MacKenzies had to bring bedding and curtains to hang before the bunks. The berth itself was only a board; but having been warned beforehand, we had brought an air mattress and so had a fairly comfortable bed.

The ends of the boat, which were open, were small, and came to a point at both bow and stern. There was a sail, which was used when there was a favorable wind; otherwise the boatmen (we had eight in all) took tow-ropes and, wading through the water to the shore, walked along the tow-path, literally pulling the boat along; and in the rapids (and there were many in

the latter part of the journey) two men, one at the bow and one at the stern, pushed with poles, one end of which they placed against their shoulder, and sometimes against the pit of the stomach, while they threw their whole strength against the pole till they were nearly in a horizontal position. It was painful to watch the exertions of these men and hear their grunts, as they strained to pole us through the worst rapids.

At night the only place these boatmen had to sleep was on the floor. They spread out their quilts and, wrapping their covers about them, were soon sleeping the sleep earned by hard toil. Before retiring and on waking in the morning, they all sat on the floor and smoked long bamboo pipes with tiny bowls. The boatmen were pleasant and tried not to interfere with us, merely watching curiously anything new or strange. Our camera afforded them much amusement, and several of them stood watching us intently while we wrote with a fountain pen.

The woman who owned the boat had two little children. They all three slept in one of the bunks at the back end of the boat.

The MacKenzies had brought along their own cook and his wife, so we felt confidence in our food. The cooking all had to be done on a tiny charcoal stove; but it was wonderful how much could be accomplished with such limited accommodations.

The weather had turned cold, and the first day it

Two River-boats Fastened Together

rained so that we had to stay inside. However, the wind was in our favor and we made good headway, sailing nearly all the way; but it was the only day we were able to use the sail much.

These boats are certainly good places to try the fresh-air cure, as they are open at both ends and the air draws through. At night the doors at the front of the boat are closed, but the rear always remains open.

The second day the sun came out and, bundled to our ears, we sat outside on the bow of the boat; but even though we were obliged to wrap ourselves so warmly, it would be very unsafe to sit in the sun without pith hats.

We stopped at the Chinese village of Tonglu, and as the men had to buy some things we went ashore and got our first sight of a typical Chinese village. The only foreigners in this place were a man and his wife, missionaries of the English Episcopal Church, who live on the outskirts. As we walked through what seemed to be the only business street, and saw the sights and smelled the smells, we felt that nothing short of the love for God and souls could induce a foreigner of culture and refinement to live here, away from all companionship and the things which are supposed to make life beautiful; but as we tried to remember that in each one of these ignorant and unattractive persons is a precious soul, one of those for whom the Saviour died, and as we thought of the joy

of rescuing some of these from heathen darkness and superstition to shine as jewels in the Master's kingdom by and by, we were better able to understand how these servants of his could bear even the present discomfort for the joy which was set before them.

It was only a few rods from the shore to this main street, but we had to watch every step, for pigs were running wherever they could, and we passed within touch of a buffalo tied by a cord through his nose.

The street was one long, narrow, straight way, with no sidewalk, but with shops on either side. These shops were all opened in front, and were very small. There were carpenters' shops where they were making both furniture and coffins; toy-shops, food-shops, and even jewelers' shops. We stopped at one of the latter and purchased a pair of typical Chinese bracelets, made of bamboo and silver, of very pretty workmanship. Indeed, some of this jewelry which we saw displayed in a little glass case outside was really beautiful.

While we were bargaining for the jewelry a crowd gathered round, filling the street outside and even crowding into the small shop, for foreigners are not an every-day sight in Tonglu. They were quite respectful, however, merely watching us with curious eyes as we did them; until, as we were returning to the boat, some boys who were washing vegetables down by the water's edge said that some "foreign devils" were coming. For this rudeness, however, Doctor MacKenzie made the offenders apologize.

The following day was Sunday, and we tried to realize it as we sat on the bow of the boat after breakfast and had prayers. Suddenly a little breeze sprang up, and the men who had been towing came on board, whereupon we grasped a God-given opportunity to give them the gospel message. We sang "Jesus loves me," and then Mr. Mok, our Chinese teacher, who is also a preacher, stood and read to them the wonderful John 3 : 16, and in a few words tried to tell them the old, old story of God's love. They listened with some show of interest, while we lifted our hearts in prayer that the seed sown might fall on good ground and bear fruit.

We shall not soon forget it: the beautiful Sabbath morning; the mountains rising on either side of the river showing, in some places, scenery as beautiful as that on the Hudson; the blue sky overhead; the unkempt and wretchedly poor boatmen sitting on the edge of the boat or in the doorway, just inside; the woman who owned the boat, also listening as to a strange and curious story; the cook, himself a Christian, showing his interest in reverent expression and attitude; and the young preacher, trying his best to send home the truths to their hearts.

It seemed as though God must have sent this little breeze just then to give us this opportunity of sowing by the wayside, for it soon died away and the men went back to their towing.

## VI

WE passed a number of small boats where they were fishing with cormorants. These are large birds which sit on the edge of the boat and watch for fish. Whenever a cormorant sees one he dives for it, bringing it up in his large beak; but he is prevented from swallowing it by a ring which he is forced to wear around his neck, tight enough to prevent the passage of the fish down the bird's throat.

Soon after this we began to enter the rapids; and from this time our progress was slow and difficult, for we had no wind to help us now, and were entirely dependent on the towing and pushing which we have before described.

We had wondered how it could take six days to make the distance of one hundred and fifty miles; now we knew. In fact, we understood many things which had been a source of wonder to us before. One must see to appreciate.

It was cold all the way and frequently rainy, and we wrapped ourselves in our heaviest garments and rugs till we were scarcely able to move, then went to bed with a hot-water bottle.

We went ashore at another Chinese village, and there, amid all the foulness, we saw a little chapel with gospel pictures and texts on the walls. A woman sitting in the doorway, sewing, rose politely as we stopped to speak to her, and we learned that it was an outstation, or street chapel, of the China Inland Mission—that wonderful mission which has carried the Light into so many dark places in China. To this chapel the missionary comes once a week to preach.

Tuesday night we reached Lanche and went ashore, taking supper at the home of three lady missionaries of this same China Inland Mission. These three women are the only foreigners in the city. Their home seemed like a little taste of heaven, after all we had seen. After supper we attended a little prayer-meeting held in the dispensary—our first meeting in China.

We saw a little Chinese girl in this home whom one of the missionaries had adopted to prevent her from being drowned by her mother, who had already destroyed eight baby girls.

The next morning we left the large boat in which we had come up the river, and took two small boats for the last day's journey, the river being too shallow for the larger boat.

The weather had grown warmer, so we no longer suffered with the cold. It was also bright and sunny.

We had five boatmen and not much baggage, and our little boat made such good time that we reached

Kinhwa about four o'clock, thereby disappointing the friends who had planned to be on hand to meet us but were too late.

As we approached the city we saw the beautiful stone bridge, with its thirteen arches, which spans the river, connecting the main city with the opposite side. This bridge is a wonderful piece of architecture and masonry, though it was built about one thousand years ago by a people whom many look upon as semi-civilized.

We found Kinhwa a much cleaner city than those at which we had stopped on our way up the river. It is a walled city, the wall having stood for two thousand years, thus dating back to the time before Christ.

We passed within the city gate and made our way over the cobblestone pavement and through streets to the compound where Doctor and Mrs. MacKenzie live. Their compound joins the hospital compound, and is outside of the crowded district near the city wall. As the old gatekeeper opened the gate in answer to our knock we stepped inside, and saw a gray-brick house in the center of a good-sized lot where there is plenty of fresh air. Even the servants seemed glad to see us, and bowed and greeted us politely.

Inside the house one would scarcely know that he was in China. Though built of native material, it was of foreign construction and furnishing. The ceilings were high, the walls white, the floor newly varnished. From our room we could see the city

Gate-house of Doctor MacKenzie's Compound, with Roofs of Houses in the Distance

wall and the northern mountains, while the sunset view was glorious. From another part of the house could be seen a large and well-preserved pagoda, which stands on one of the hills inside the city wall.

The morrow was Thanksgiving Day. In the morning the doctor took us to visit the hospital and dispensary. The hospital had not been opened for patients, as it was not quite completed, there having been delay in some of the last details. It was a fine building, however, for which the doctor himself had drawn the plans and acted as overseer of the work, watching every detail carefully, and even doing some things with his own hands.

On the first floor was the diet-kitchen, doctor's office, nurse's room, a number of private rooms, and large wards; on the second floor, the operating-room, private rooms, wards, etc.; while above was a large space for storage. Nearly every room had over the door the name of some one who had furnished it. Our eyes filled with tears as we read some of these names; and we hoped the dear ones in glory were permitted to see what their gifts had accomplished. Our only wish was that we might see the beds filled with patients and the hospital running with well-trained helpers.

The dispensary was opened, and here the doctor and his assistants, a well-trained Chinese young man and a young Chinese woman, recently graduated from the Nurses' Training-school in Nanking, saw patients

daily; and occasionally one who needed constant attention was allowed to remain in the dispensary.

One man was there at this particular time—a very wicked man—who had committed murder for the purpose of obtaining three hundred dollars. A relative of the murdered man had pursued him and slashed him with a knife, severing and splintering the bone of one leg. His condition was serious, but he vowed vengeance on the one who had wounded him. While lying there, however, with nothing to do, he quite willingly read the Chinese Scriptures and tracts, and his eyes wandering round the room would fall on Scripture texts and stories on the wall, the one directly in front of him being the parable of the Good Samaritan.

As we passed out of the dispensary we saw a woman standing outside, groaning and crying piteously. She had "eaten medicine" that the Chinese doctor had given her, to no good, and now had come to the foreign doctor for help.

Thanksgiving afternoon we all made our way to the home of one of the other missionaries, the teacher of the girls' school; and there the little group of missionaries held their usual weekly prayer-meeting, and afterward gathered round the table for Thanksgiving dinner. It was a bountiful one, with roast goose instead of turkey, while the other viands were partly foreign and partly native; but the meal was delicious.

Saturday afternoon the girls' school gave us a reception, held out-of-doors on the school grounds. The

Front of Hospital on Day of Dedication

boys' school and a number of outsiders were invited. The first thing we saw as we stepped inside the gate was several soldiers, drawn up to give dignity to the occasion. There were also a number of the larger girls stationed there, wearing ribbon badges inscribed with Chinese characters. These formed a reception committee to usher us in. The grounds were elaborately decorated with flags and banners, and at one end, under some Chinese mottoes, we saw the Chinese and American flags.

There was singing by the girls in both Chinese and English, then a wonderful address of welcome, given first in Chinese by one of the girls, and then translated into English by another, who gave it plainly and beautifully.

There were charming exhibitions of marching and drilling with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, flags, etc., and then various races and games which were very interesting, and in which the girls showed much enthusiasm.

Tea, Chinese cakes, and candy were passed to all, and then the company began to disperse. We started to go also, and had passed outside of the gate and quite a way down the street when one of the Chinese women came running after us, and calling to us breathlessly declared that we must return. Wonderingly we complied, and found that the Chinese teachers had prepared some extra refreshments for the "guests of honor." So we were seated at one of the tables in the dining-room, each with a pair of chop-

sticks, and some "bows," as they are called, were placed before us. These are something like boiled dumplings, pasty and indigestible, filled with chopped meat of some kind. Hideous thoughts of indigestion floated through our brains as we beheld them, and we sought for some way of escape which would not wound the feelings of those who had so kindly prepared these dainties for us.

Watching till the teacher, who was waiting on us, disappeared from sight, we quickly concealed the little dumplings, which we dared not eat, in our coat pockets (fortunately they were spacious ones), and wrapped our handkerchiefs around them; till once more in the street, with considerable distance between us and the school, we extracted them and stealthily "chucked" them away.

## VII

SUNDAY morning we went to the Baptist church. When I say that, I presume you immediately imagine an attractive little chapel, with its bell sounding forth a welcome. I wish that I could show you just what it really is. Surely the Baptists at home would blush with shame if they knew.

It is an old building partly below ground like a cellar, with no possible way of being heated; cold as a place like that must necessarily be; with brick floor and plaster walls; no organ, no choir, and far too small for the people who might be gathered in. Indeed, when the girls' and boys' schools were seated there was but little room for others, and people stood outside looking in at the door throughout the service.

The Sunday-school followed church, and though there was no organ, those boys and girls would put to shame some of our home Sunday-schools by their singing; and we recognized the tunes, if not the words, of hymns familiar in the homeland, "Happy Day" and "Sweet By and By."

We thought as we looked around this pitiful apology for a church (and we know that there are many others

on the mission field no better) of the Bible words, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord"; and we wondered, if this were so, who was holding back that which belonged to God.

It would not be considered proper for ladies of our standing to appear on the street alone; so, when the doctor did not accompany us, we were obliged to hail one of the servants to follow us at a respectful distance, unless we were in the company of some Chinese women.

As there were no foreigners in Kinhwa excepting the missionaries and their families, we were quite as much of a curiosity to the Chinese as they were to us. If we stopped at a store to buy anything, a crowd of curious and smiling natives quickly collected. On the street remarks like the following greeted us, "Look at her! Look at her!" "Her clothes are very fine." They afforded us much amusement as we evidently did them.

A walk out into the country proved quite a different experience. We passed through one of the city gates, across what used to be an old moat, but is now used as a vegetable-garden, climbed up some steps, and walked along a narrow path for some distance to one of the brick-yards, where bricks and tiles are made. We looked around at the piles of brick, the kiln, etc.; then, turning, beheld the woman of the house and owner of the brick-yard (her husband having died), standing with a little child in her arms. She politely

invited us to enter the house, and not liking to appear rude we did so.

It was, indeed, a primitive country home; but there are many like it throughout China. The main room, or living-room as we might call it, was about twelve feet square, with a mud floor; the walls being bamboo laths covered with mud plaster. There were no windows; one door opened outside, another into what was evidently a kitchen, and a third into a bedroom. There was a square table and some benches in the room. The woman asked us to be seated, and immediately began to make tea, set on cakes, and boil eggs for us. Nothing we could say would stop her. We saw the daughter wiping out one of the cups with her apron, which was far from clean; but her hospitality was touching as she pressed these things upon us, and what we failed to eat she insisted that we carry home, taking the doctor's handkerchief out of his pocket and wrapping the cakes and about a dozen eggs in it, in lieu of any other carrier.

On our way home, just before reaching the city wall, we saw four men lying in a field but a few rods from the road, their faces covered with straw, and straw partially covering their bodies. A number of curious people had turned aside to look, lifting the straw from their faces to gaze at them. They were robbers, who had been captured, tried, and then taken by the soldiers outside the city wall and shot. It was, indeed, a gruesome sight. Formerly, such despera-

does were beheaded, but now they are stood up in front of a wall and shot.

We also saw the skull of an infant which had either been thrown out on a refuse heap or buried and dug up by dogs, who had devoured the flesh. Evidently it had not been dead very long, as the clothes were near-by.

We passed near one of the "baby towers," which are small square buildings, perhaps twelve or fourteen feet square, where the bodies of infants, whose parents are too poor to be at the expense of burying them, may be thrown in and covered with quicklime. Oh, the pity of it all—a people "without God and without hope"!

Our Christmas in Kinhwa was certainly different from any other Christmas we had ever spent. We awoke remembering what day it was, and wondering just what it would bring us, when suddenly, out in the hall, a burst of song broke forth, and the sweet old hymn, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," greeted our ears, as the Christian girls from the school, with one of the teachers, welcomed the sacred day with music. A few moments after the singing had ended, the sound of the only church-bell in Kinhwa, which is on the new church of the China Inland Mission, pealed forth on the still morning air, sending out its notes of gladness.

After breakfast and Chinese prayers at the dispensary, we called first the hospital assistants and then

Baby Tower and City Wall, Kinhwa

the servants up to the house and presented them all with little gifts. How their faces shone as they bowed their thanks!

The sick man lying in the dispensary was presented with a Chinese Testament, while we told him through an interpreter, as best we could, the meaning of Christmas; and his poor face lighted as he clasped the book in his hands, which were guilty of shedding human blood and of many dark deeds, but which we prayed might be cleansed by the blood shed for him on Calvary.

After this we went over to the girls' school to see them have their entertainment and gifts, and their faces also shone with joy as they received their simple presents.

Twenty-one of us foreigners, including a number of visiting missionaries from other stations, sat down to Christmas dinner at the MacKenzies', after which we had our photograph taken in a group.

In the evening we all gathered in the home of Miss Relyea, the principal of the girls' school, to see the Christmas tree, which with its laden branches reminded us of home; and for a while we almost forgot that we were so far from that dear place. But at the close of the evening, when we walked out through the mission compound to get in our chairs, and the bearers raised the poles to their shoulders and trudged back through the narrow streets, past rice-shops, past houses from whose doorways floated red and green

papers to drive away the evil spirits, round corners so narrow and crooked that the coolies had to walk carefully to turn with the long poles, then we again realized that we were in China, ten thousand miles from home and dear ones, though just as near to the Father above.

# VIII

WHILE we were celebrating the birth of our Lord, in a near-by temple the Chinese were observing a special time of worship which occurs but once in three years. The temple was gorgeously decorated with lanterns, banners, and scrolls. Huge, hideous figures of paper were objects of special worship; and a large paper boat, peopled and furnished, held a conspicuous place at the entrance. At the close of the seven days' worship this was to be carried to the river and floated down-stream, to carry the devil away from the city.

One afternoon we went over and walked around, gazing at these different things, till finally we entered a place in which was a huge image of Buddha, before which red candles were burning, as well as joss-sticks; and on the floor in front were two earthen jars filled with burning paper which was being offered to those in the spirit world. Two Chinese women who had come in from the country, walking over the hard slippery roads with their little bound feet, were burning paper trousers, coats, and money, all of which were supposed to be changed into the real articles in

the spirit world for the use of departed friends who might be in want.

These two little women threw on one article after another, watching them burn, realizing in all probability that it had cost them much money, for which they had spent weary hours; for they told us that they were sewing women, and had brought two dollars' worth of the stuff, which is much to them in a land where labor is so cheap. It was indeed a sad sight. One of them crouched over the flame, still feeding it with her offerings, and we watched as the sparks and ashes ascended from the burning, and then the ashes fell upon her head and shoulders, until she was quite covered with them.

The Christian girl who had come with us talked to them, telling them that it was all useless. They listened politely, smiling; but with a far-away, incredulous look on their faces. Then she asked them if they had never heard the gospel, and they answered "No." How our hearts ached as we turned sadly away, wishing so much that we might lead them to the One whose life was given a ransom for the world.

How great was the contrast between this and the sight of the native Christians assembled the following Sunday morning at the first service held in the new church of the China Inland Mission! It was a union service of the two Kinhwa churches, and the little building, holding perhaps three hundred, was taxed to its full capacity, extra seats and benches being

brought in to seat the people. At the close the Lord's Supper was observed, and beautiful indeed it was as we sat there and partook of the sacred emblems for the first time with the native Christians; but our hearts were again saddened when, in the evening, we walked over to the temple, and there beheld the evening worship, which was far more elaborate than anything we had seen by daylight.

There were then bonfires in the courtyard, fed by baskets and baskets full of the spirit money, both gold and silver; the worshipers were there in great numbers, and we beheld them with bunches of the lighted joss-sticks, going first to one hideous idol and then another, bowing before them and leaving a few of the sticks in front of each one. Inside were priests, robed in red and yellow gowns, chanting, bowing low, and beating gongs. The lanterns were all lighted, as well as red candles, making a weird and beautiful spectacle; but because of its meaning it was one of the saddest sights that we had ever seen.

During the last day of worship at the temple, crowds of people from the country came in, and as many of them passed the door of the dispensary on their way, Doctor MacKenzie ordered the doors opened and invited them in. The Bible-woman and chapel evangelist were both there and had an opportunity for a little seed-sowing.

The women were much interested in my dress and came to me, feeling my coat. When I opened it for

their benefit, and let them see my dress and little chain and locket, they exclaimed that it must have cost as much as five hundred cash. I let them look to their heart's content, and then rushed to the house for the autoharp and, returning, started to sing "Jesus Loves Me." The words were printed on the wall, so the doctor urged them all to sing, and over and over we repeated the chorus:

Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

Then the preacher began to talk to the group around him, the Bible-woman to another group, and, altogether, we had quite a lively meeting. Several gospel tracts and portions of the Scriptures were sold, and we prayed that at least some of the seed sown might find lodgment on good ground.

On New Year's Day we attended a wedding out in the country, twelve or fifteen li away. The invitations had come some days before—red paper ones in large, red envelopes. The wedding was to be in the morning; so after breakfast we had chairs brought and started on our journey. It was full of interest, for we had not been in that direction before. On the way we met dozens of men carrying pigs to the city. The way these animals were carried is certainly unique, and makes us glad we are not pigs in China. They were suspended by ropes between two poles, feet up

in the air. Sometimes they were as silent as though dead, at other times they made themselves heard with gruntings and squealings.

Just before we reached the house where the wedding was to take place, the bridegroom came out to meet us and personally escorted us to the place.

The house was built round a courtyard, or partially open room, like many Chinese homes of the better class, and it was in this part that the wedding took place. On our arrival we were invited to be seated at a square table, and served with tea, cakes, candy, and fruit.

Although none of the family were professing Christians, and some of them decidedly heathen, yet, on account of the bridegroom and his mother having come under strong Christian influence by working in the families of some of the missionaries, it had been decided to have this a Christian wedding. This meant that the bride and groom would not bow before the ancestral tablets or worship the household gods, which had been removed from the central place of honor which they usually occupied, and placed in a corner of the room and covered with a cloth. The usual firing of the crackers was also omitted.

In front of the table at which we had been served were placed two chairs, covered with red; on the table were two small cups of wine, and behind the table stood Mr. Dickie, of the China Inland Mission, who was to marry them.

First the bride was led in by two women. It was well she had some one to lead her, for her face was covered with red silk, which hung down from the heavily beaded head-dress, always worn by a Chinese bride. She was dressed entirely in red, even to her shoes. After being seated in one of the red-covered chairs, the bridegroom entered and took the one beside her. They sat during the ceremony, but we all stood.

In visiting an Oriental land some things which we have read in sacred Scriptures are made much more plain; for example, where it speaks of not taking the chief seat when bidden to a feast, lest a more honorable guest arrive and the one occupying the chief seat be asked to take a lower. We understand it now. The seat of honor is the one nearest to the bridal couple; and as there were a number of chairs set in a row against the wall, we can well understand what it would mean to take a lower; but, fortunately for us, we foreigners were allowed undisputed possession of the "chief seats," while standing behind the couple, in the courtyard, were gathered a motley crowd, consisting of family, relatives, friends, and any one who cared to come in from the street. The ceremony began by the singing of a hymn by the three foreign men who could sing, then the marriage service was read in Chinese by Mr. Dickie. No response by the couple was asked for, but at the close they pledged their union by the drinking of the wine, first from one

Wedding Group. Bride in Center, with Head-dress

cup, then from the other, and then from the same cup, into which the wine from the two had been mingled.

After the service was over the bride was led away, and Mr. Dickie preached the gospel to the assembled crowd. Then came the great event of the day from the Chinese point of view, viz., the feast. We foreigners, five in number, sat at the table with the bridegroom (the bride had no part in this), and tried to eat some of the sixteen courses prepared, but some of us could not hold out to the end. We were obliged to use chop-sticks or our fingers, and chose the former as the lesser evil. We managed to convey the greater part to our mouths, but occasionally some fell to the table. Again we were reminded of the Scriptures, "The dogs eat of the crumbs"; for the household dog did, indeed, hunt beneath the table and eagerly devour all that fell.

The bride, poor child, meantime sat on the edge of the bed in her small room, the red silk now thrown back from her face; but she could neither speak nor look up at the guests as they went in to see her, though they were at liberty to say what they chose to her, teasing and annoying her in every possible way, and trying to make her smile. To this kind of treatment a bride in China is subjected for three days and nights; and gratitude for our lot again filled our hearts, as we tucked ourselves into our chairs and were borne home.

## IX

SOME time after this we were invited to a heathen wedding in the city. This home was much finer than the other, with evidences of wealth everywhere. There was music, but not such as we are accustomed to. It was a deafening din of gongs and trumpetlike instruments. We were there when the bride arrived in a beautiful wedding-chair covered with magnificently embroidered red satin. She too was dressed in red, but the quality of her gown was much finer than that of the poor little country girl.

After various forms had been gone through with by the women-in-waiting, two pretty little bridesmaids offered her wine, a looking-glass, face-powder, etc., all of which she was expected to refuse; then they threw rice at her, and after that she emerged from her chair, which the bearers had placed on the floor when they first came in. Then the bridegroom entered, and together they bowed down and worshiped, first, heaven and earth, then the ancestral tablets. The worship ended, the bride was taken into her own room and seated on the edge of the bed. First, the red silk covering was taken from her face, then the heavy

head-dress was removed, and she was allowed to wash and powder her face.

We were shown the highest honor possible, that of being seated at a table in her own room, and served with tea, cakes, and a kind of soup. Later, there was the elaborate feast, similar to the one already described, but we fled before it was served.

It was our privilege to be present at the formal opening of the Pickford Memorial Hospital in Kinhwa. The first day was for the native Christians, and of a religious nature. This was to us by far the most impressive; for a number had come in from the country, and their joy and interest were shown in their faces. The second day was for the officials, teachers, etc. After the services on both days the visitors were allowed to go through the hospital and inspect it. They appeared greatly interested in what they saw, especially in the operating-room.

On January 29 we left Kinhwa, where we had spent two happy months, and in the little mission boat started on our trip down the river. This boat, being closed in and having glass windows, was much warmer than the native boat on which we went up.

The second day we reached Tonglu, and the following morning took the launch which runs from there to Hangchow. There was quite a crowd on the launch; but we, being the only foreigners, were objects of much interest and amusement to the natives, who crowded round the doors and windows of the first-

class cabin, in which we were traveling in company with two Chinese gentlemen. These two gentlemen were quite annoyed at the curiosity of the crowd gazing at us, and tried several times to drive them away, but with little success.

We were late, and it was dark when we arrived at Hangchow, and it was a long time before we were able to go ashore. The coolies had a fight among themselves about carrying our baggage, and we wondered when we should ever reach shore. Finally, however, we were bidden to go; and grasping frantically the coat-sleeve of a Chinese who preceded us with a lantern, we started to walk from the launch to shore on two planks. The way was long, for the launch was unable to go very near shore owing to shallow water; the boards on which we were walking wobbled; we grew dizzy and faint, and wondered whether our strength and courage would hold out to the end, but finally stepped gladly, though tremblingly, on to the shore. There, after much talk with the coolie regarding our baggage, we took chairs and proceeded to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, whose guests we were to be. The ride was long and we were weary, and the pretty home which we entered was a welcome sight. How good electric lights looked to us once more, though they almost brought a pang of homesickness to our hearts.

Our two days' stay in Hangchow proved most enjoyable, though the weather was unpropitious. This

city has a population of nearly a million souls, and was at one time the capital of China. We visited the shops, one of which, a fan-shop, held awards from at least a dozen different expositions or countries for the excellence of its fans. The pawn-shops, of which there were many, interested us greatly. We visited "City Hill," on the summit of which is situated a temple, and from which a wonderful view of the city was obtained. We could ride only to the base of the hill and then had to climb many steps to reach its top.

West Lake, a most beautiful spot, we saw on a rainy day, but could imagine its beauty when the weather is clear.

Wayland Academy, the only Christian boys' school in Hangchow, was a delight to us. We were just in time to attend chapel the morning before school closed for the New Year's vacation. We were told that of all the boys who had entered its doors for study, many of whom were not Christians when they entered, only one had ever been graduated who was not a believer in the gospel.

It was still raining when we took the train, which, after four or five hours' ride, brought us to Shanghai. It was pouring in torrents when we left the coaches, and great was our joy at being able to secure the only closed vehicle in sight, in which we were driven to the Missionary Home, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

Shanghai is certainly a fine city. In the foreign concessions it is difficult for one to realize he is in

China. Its roads are good; its trolley-car system well organized. Still, little things reminded us that we were in a foreign country. Rickshaws were everywhere. The policemen were of different nationalities—English, Chinese, and tall Indians wearing red turbans. Bubbling Well Road, the most elegant and fashionable thoroughfare, where many wealthy foreigners have their homes, extends out from the city and is most beautiful.

We were fortunate enough to be in Shanghai on Chinese New Year, and so saw the city at its best, as far as the Chinese were concerned. They were all out in gala dress, and every available rickshaw, carriage, and automobile was pressed into service, carrying them hither and thither. It was indeed a gay sight.

One day we took a trip to the native city, and there we certainly had no doubt that we were in China. It is remarkable that a few moments can carry one so completely from a European city to what we there beheld. We had to leave our carriage at the entrance, as the streets were far too narrow for anything but rickshaws, and even in these we often found our way blocked and our progress impeded by the crowds. Indeed, we could use them only part of the way, having to go on foot in the narrowest and most densely crowded places.

Oh, for the power to describe fully what we saw; the widest streets would just allow two rickshaws to

Chinese Wheelbarrow, Shanghai

pass each other; men, women, and children everywhere; shops on either side filled with gaudy and interesting wares; and above all, the din of noise and confusion, with the screaming of the rickshaw men warning pedestrians to make way.

We left our rickshaws at the entrance to what was said to be a beautiful garden, though at that season there were no flowers to be seen, but it proved to be a spacious old mandarin house, five hundred years old. We passed through doors, under arches, along walks, up stairs, and out onto narrow balconies. It must have been a wonderful place when the old mandarin, whose portrait is still preserved, resided there.

As we came out, the young guide, who had attached himself to us unasked when we entered, led the way through still narrower streets to a large joss-house. We entered and passed from one room to another. The air was so thick with the smoke of the burning joss-sticks that our eyes smarted painfully, and we felt almost suffocated.

In the largest room we beheld worshipers bowing before the shrine, and holding up little children, whom they seemed to be trying to teach also to bow before the idols. In another room, which was called the room for women, we saw them worshiping as they placed the joss-sticks before the shrines.

Our guide still pressed his services upon us as he led us from one curio-store to another, where the prices were exorbitant; but we finally succeeded in

dismissing him, after repeated declarations that we needed his services no longer, by giving him quite a large sum of money. However, we would not have missed this glimpse of the native city for many times its cost.

# X

ON two occasions we beheld scenes which aroused our indignation at the way the rickshaw men were treated. These men are wretchedly poor in appearance; many of them are barefooted and bareheaded, all are poorly clad, and their work is by no means easy.

One day when we were in a silk-store we saw a commotion on the street and stepped to the door in time to see a burly English policeman, with a face like a thunder-cloud, catch hold of a poor rickshaw man by the hair, shake him, knock him around, and finally throw him down in the mud. In spite of the fellow's cries and entreaties and bowing down before the officer to beg for mercy, he was delivered into the hands of a mammoth Indian policeman to be locked up, after his license had been torn off and thrown into the street; and all this because, in his ignorance, he had allowed his rickshaw to stand in front of a store where they were not allowed to stand.

The other incident occurred on a Sunday morning, just as church was over in the cathedral. The people were coming out and a line of rickshaws was waiting

at the sidewalk for passengers. As a man just ahead of us reached the sidewalk, one of the rickshaw men approached him to see if he wanted to ride. With a rough "Get out!" and an angry push at the poor fellow, the man who had just risen from his knees in the cathedral strode down the street, leaving behind him a shining example of a Western Christian, which it was scarcely probable the coolie wanted to imitate; at least, we hoped not.

While in Shanghai we saw two large funerals. They were evidently funerals of wealthy Chinese, as they showed evidence that much money had been spent.

The first was a funeral of a woman. Foremost in the procession walked a man carrying a large amount of paper money which was to be burned at the grave. Then came a band of Chinese musicians, and following them an elaborate chair, in which the spirit was supposed to ride. Then came more musicians, and after them the chair which the deceased had used in life and in which her picture had been placed. Following this, the coffin, covered with red satin elaborately embroidered, was carried on poles; while directly behind walked the sons of the deceased, dressed in mourning white, under the white canopy; and last of all were a number of carriages filled with relatives, each with a white cloth bound about the head.

The other funeral was similar, except that at the head of the procession were a large number of floral wreaths, each one carried separately on a pole.

After this we saw still another funeral, far different from the others. The people were evidently poor; there were no flowers, no carriages, no silken covering for the coffin—only a gong and a weird kind of a horn for music, the black-painted coffin carried by a wooden carrying-pole on the shoulders of two men, and a number of rickshaws following, some with two and three people in them. The same white cloth was bound about the heads of the mourners. A dismal wailing and crying filled the air as they were hurried along to the place of burial; and one of the persons in the rickshaws was carrying the paper money to be burned at the grave, for, however poor they are, this must not be omitted.

Oh, the hopelessness of that wailing cry from those who were without God and without hope!

The Door of Hope was a most interesting place which we visited one afternoon. It is a rescue home for girls and women saved from a life of sin and shame; and here many have found a refuge.

The Cantonese work in Shanghai, under Doctor and Mrs. Bryan, was prosperous; but this mission was the only one in the city for the one hundred thousand or more Cantonese; they had two schools and a flourishing church organization, but were without a church edifice of their own. They were trying to secure one, however; and on one Sunday morning, at the close of the service, they raised in pledges fifteen hundred dollars (Mexican) and over for this purpose;

the amount was increased to two thousand a few days later. Considering there were no wealthy members among them, this seemed a good sum.

Doctor and Mrs. Chambers, from Canton, spent about ten days there, during which time he conducted some special meetings at the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association, where over one hundred Cantonese signed cards expressing their desire to lead a Christian life.

The third of March, in company with Doctor and Mrs. Chambers, we started for Canton on the French Mail S. S. Chili. This little mail-boat was typically French, so much so that there was little else spoken on board, and we had difficulty in making ourselves understood. The stewardess was a kind soul, however, and tried to do all she could for us. We enjoyed her mixture of French with a little English, and liked to hear her "Madame" with its pretty little accent.

There were few passengers aboard, so we were not crowded for room. We had toast and coffee served in our cabins in the morning, déjeuner at eleven, and dinner at six-thirty, with afternoon tea at four, and supper at 9 p. m. for those wished it.

On the morning of March 6 we entered the harbor of Hongkong, which is called one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful harbor in the world. It certainly is wonderful in its setting of mountains, on whose tops rest the clouds.

We went ashore in a tender, and walking the smooth, beautiful streets, gazed up at the tall, foreign buildings, while behind all rose "The Peak."

Hongkong is not a Chinese city by any means, though the many Chinese whom one meets, together with rickshaws and chairs, are a reminder that China is not far away.

Owing to the war, no foreigners were allowed to leave the city without a permit from the provost marshal; so we sought him out, trusting that he would not require us to wait the forty-eight hours which he had power to demand if he so chose. He examined our passports, and then did nothing worse than send us to the American consul, to procure a letter from him stating that it was all right for him to issue the permit; this on account of our pictures not being on our passports, the law requiring that having gone into effect after our passports had been secured.

After dinner at a very good restaurant, we left for Canton on the three-o'clock train. The ride was a delightful one, with beautiful mountain scenery, varied by farms and vegetable-gardens. We noticed considerable difference between the country here and farther north, where we had come from. Here were more signs of wealth and cultivation. The houses were of a better class; and the graves, instead of being the rude kind described in our account of the ride from Shanghai to Hangchow, were quite ornamental, being built in the hillside, instead of above ground, with an

opening in many instances something like the opening to a tomb; and here again we could understand how the Chinese can so readily grasp the biblical description of the Saviour's tomb.

Our trip was marred by only one incident. Our train struck a man who was walking on the track. We backed up and found him feebly gasping by the side of the track where the engine had thrown him. As we had no doctor on board, we left him and went on to secure aid at the next station, only a short distance away. We heard afterward, however, that he lived but a short time.

We reached Canton about seven o'clock, but darkness had already settled down as we pulled into the station. After much delay on account of the baggage, of which our party had considerable, and haggling with the coolies as to the price of transferring it, we boarded what was called a trolley-car—but what was in reality much like a hand-car on our railroads in America—and proceeded the mile and a half back down the track to the mission compound. It had been a strenuous day, and we were thankful to reach our journey's end.

Tung Shan Baptist Church, Canton

## XI

THE next day being Sunday, we went to the Baptist church nearly opposite Doctor Chambers' house. There are in all four Baptist churches in Canton. This is the one where most of the schoolgirls, a large number of the boys, and the students from the seminary, the women's school, and the blind school attend. The church was well filled and the singing impressive. The Lord's Supper was celebrated at the close, and it was beautiful to see those native Christians sitting with bowed heads while the sacred emblems were distributed by the Chinese. It was very touching to see the blind girls, as the bread and wine were placed in their hands; but we rejoiced that their spiritual eyes had been opened, even though their natural sight was darkened.

A funeral passing the church, just as the pastor began his sermon, made such a disturbance with its weird music and firecrackers that it was necessary to give out a hymn to hold the congregation.

On this mission compound lived all the Baptist missionaries; and there, besides the church, were the boys' and girls' schools, the women's school, the

school for the blind, the theological seminary, and the kindergarten.

The following day the family in whom we had been so interested, and whom we had longed for years to see, called on us: parents, sisters, and dear ones of the one at home, who for the past nine years had been in our home as a son. We were overjoyed at the meeting, and talked together of the one now in America, so dear to us all.

How can we describe Canton? It fully met our expectations, for we really found it cleaner and better than any place we had visited, excepting, of course, Shanghai in its foreign concessions. Many of the streets were very narrow, some of them not even allowing two chairs to pass, and many of them only wide enough for the passing of two; therefore the chair-bearers were continually calling out in Cantonese "left, right," according to the corner they were to turn, and it frequently took considerable maneuvering to turn it. They also cried out to pedestrians to clear the way, and woe betide those who did not heed the warning, for the reckless coolies did not mind hitting them with the poles of the chair.

There were shops on every side and of all kinds, some of the most attractive showing displays of jewelry, ivory, jade, fans, and pictures. The population of Canton is estimated at two millions, including the boat population, which is variously estimated at from forty to ninety thousand.

Kindergarten and Teachers, Canton

The New Bund is very good, and the foreign concession as fine as that of Shanghai, though not so large. This is outside the city walls, and here the Chinese are not allowed to come unless on special business with the foreigners.

One day we visited a little mission school in the city where children from heathen homes were taught the gospel.

Our visit to the home of our dear Chinese friends was one of the most enjoyable of all. We found it a pretty home, and they did all in their power to make us feel welcome, sending out for refreshments, which, according to Chinese hospitality, they set before us.

The "Chun Kwong," or "True Light School," under the Presbyterians, is the largest girls' school in China. They also have a large hospital plant in the compound.

One Sunday we went by launch some eight miles up the Pearl River, on which Canton is located, to a place called Sun Chow; a typical Chinese city, where work had recently been begun and a gospel hall opened. How we did enjoy this service, for it showed us a real street congregation. The hall contained no organ, and the benches were without backs. Some of the men smoked, and at first there was considerable talking and laughing in the rear of the room near the door; but gradually the people quieted down and listened, some with marked attention, while Doctor

Chambers preached to them on the parable of the Prodigal Son. It was an earnest, simple appeal to these poor people, and brought tears to our eyes as we listened.

After this service was over the men were dismissed, and we had a short service with the women. There were not many, but a few, and they, with a large number of children, gathered round as we tried to tell them of the way of salvation.

As a result of this little gospel hall being opened there, two men in the Chinese navy and one physician have been led to accept Christ and have been baptized. We saw them at the service that morning.

Many organized churches in China have sprung from just such beginnings as this. One is in a village about thirty miles from Canton, Sai Nam. In this village Doctor Chambers was stoned the first time he went there; and Mrs. Chambers had to be conducted secretly out of the school and hidden in a jeweler's place till the crowd dispersed. Now in this place is an independent, self-supporting church. There, during the Boxer trouble of 1900, as the soldiers passed through on their way to Peking and tried to excite public sentiment to destroy the church, the people refused, saying they knew the pastor to be a good man and the Christians were good people; and tearing down the placards the soldiers had posted on the church door, they posted instead placards of protection to the church.

It was in this same village of Sai Nam that Mrs.

Chambers and Miss Greene on their first visit were allowed to walk up and down the streets, without being invited to go in anywhere (a very discourteous thing in China). The second time they visited the place some old women invited them to be seated under a large tree; and here they led two blind women to listen to the gospel. These two women became much interested and begged to be told more and to be taught how to pray; so the missionaries taught them a simple prayer and a little grace to say before meals, and then left them.

On a future visit to the place, Mrs. Chambers learned that one of these women had expected to be baptized, but the week before had been taken very ill and was in a dying condition, not having spoken or taken any food for three days. She asked to be taken to the house, and there she saw the woman, whom they had already carried to the front door, in order that when her spirit left her body it might more easily escape. Mrs. Chambers, going to her side, turned back the covers and spoke to her. The dying woman stirred. Placing her hand on that of the sick woman, Mrs. Chambers spoke again, and the woman knew her, and calling her by name, said: "I am so glad you have come. I wanted to tell you He is with me and I am very happy." The following day she went to be with Him who had opened her spiritual eyes to behold Him.

## XII

WE took the ride one day by chair into the city. It was quite a distance and a novel experience. The sight, sounds, and smells of a Chinese city are indescribable. The din is worse than in Boston; for our chair coolies were incessantly calling out, in no gentle voice, for people to make way. We were continually greeted with the cry of "foreign devil" from the children, and gazed at curiously by the older people.

There are, however, some characteristics of the Chinese that are almost pathetic. One of these is their love for flowers. They all love them. Even the coolies will sometimes have a flower tucked over one ear as they trudge along, stripped naked to the waist and barefooted. This little bit of sweetness they will frequently take in their hands and smell of.

We saw the flower-sellers with trays of single buds and blossoms, plucked with no stems to speak of, which we would be inclined to throw into the ash-barrel at home; yet the women and girls will stand before the trays and carefully select the flowers they wish. The Chinese are also very fond of birds, and

we saw many cages of these little songsters hung in the shop and house doors. We even saw a man carrying one in the rain, carefully protected by his umbrella. Truly, these people have kind hearts.

On Sunday, the twenty-eighth of March, our hearts were gladdened beyond words by beholding two of the ones for whom we had been so long praying—members of the family we so dearly loved—put on Christ in baptism. These were the mother and one of the daughters; and long shall we remember the scene, as in the little Independent Baptist Church they stood up before the congregation and were examined by the pastor and then were buried with their Lord in the baptismal waters, while the people sang "Happy Day." Oh, the contrast between Christianity and heathenism! As we left the church and the sacred scene and were once more carried through the crowded streets, we saw not one thing which would make us think that a Saviour had come into the world. On every side, in doorways and "under every green tree," we beheld idolatrous shrines. It was Sunday, but business was going on as on every other day. Miserable beggars were holding out baskets, crying, "Have pity!" One poor wretch was down on his knees in the wet, dirty street, wailing piteously, as he bowed down his head to the pavement, striking it against the stones. The hateful cry of "foreign devil" greeted us on all sides; but the scene in the little church of the two disciples confessing their Lord was so fresh in

our minds that we could praise God and look forward to a day when hundreds and thousands more of China's millions should know and serve him too.

The sixth of April, according to our calendar, was the day for the Chinese to worship at the graves of their ancestors and friends. From early morning until night we heard the sound of firecrackers, and saw people going by on their way to the burying-ground, carrying their offerings, which sometimes consisted of a whole roast pig and mounds of pink and white cakes.

In the afternoon we took rickshaws and went out to the Christian burying-ground, where both Chinese and foreign Christians were buried. All along the way we passed people who were going and coming to and from the graves; but as it was late the people were mostly returning, and fluttering pieces of red paper on the tops of the graves we passed, indicated that most of the graves had been worshiped.

The way was thronged with beggars, from old men and women down to little children. They ran after our rickshaws, holding out their baskets and calling on us to give them money. We passed one crowd sitting by the roadside, counting their day's gains. The cash were packed together and extended across the entire length of one hand, while the other was held out in supplication as we came along.

How different the cemetery of the Christians from what we had already passed! No red papers fluttered

Mat-house, where Kindergarten is Held, Canton

from the graves, no signs of heathen worship appeared, where beneath the sod quietly slept some of China's redeemed ones whom Christ will raise again at his coming. There, by the graves of those whom God called to labor for him in China, and by the graves of their little children, we lingered, thinking how they had fallen with their hands to the plow and their faces to the front. Tears filled our eyes as we gazed at the white marble stones, and strewing sweet flowers on their graves we turned our faces again homeward.

Among other novel experiences was our attempt to do a little outdoor sketching. It was a pretty bit of scenery: the corner of a temple, a gateway, and a spreading banyan tree.

We were looked at with considerable curiosity, which developed into interest and something like awe. They came—men, women, and children—and gathered around us till they completely shut out our view, and we were obliged to ask them kindly to move, which they obligingly did. They watched us and had an animated discussion as to which tree we were painting; they remarked that we had great native skill; and finally passed on, but only to make way for a new lot no less curious and talkative.

We used to think that we could not paint with any one looking over our shoulders, but we had certainly gotten bravely over that; and all we desired at this time was simply elbow room and an unobstructed view; unless, indeed, it might be a bottle of La France rose

perfume and some one to hold it under our nose. But they were interested and so were we.

Of the last three weeks of our stay in Canton we can say but little that would be of interest, for the weather grew warm and depressing. Oh, the horrors of a tropical climate! We felt as a wilted linen collar looks after the wearer has been perspiring freely. Everything molded—our dresses, our books, all leather goods. We wiped off the white mold at night, but it was there again in the morning. We dared not go around in this kind of weather; much of the time was spent in the house. A great horror of homesickness came over us and threatened to be our complete undoing. We thought that we had known that before, but all that was as child's play compared with this, when we realized that we were on the opposite side of the globe from all the world held dear to us. Only heaven was as near to us in China as in America.

We dared not trust ourselves even to look at the photographs of our dear ones, but packed them away in the trunk without a single glance; and even our home letters, though greatly welcomed and appreciated, gave us a tight feeling round the heart, and we counted first the weeks and then the days before our departure.

On April 28 we left Canton for Hongkong, where we stayed at the King Edward Hotel. It was a week before the sailing of our steamer—a week which seemed more like a month as the days dragged slowly

by. One night we heard some voices on the street singing:

It's a long way to Tipperary;
It's a long way to go;

and our hearts responded to the sentiment.

Hongkong is a wonderfully pretty city, with Chinese sections, and on the whole reminded us not a little of San Francisco.

Behind the city rose the Peak, stately and grand. It was dotted with houses, and a cable-car ran to the top. At night the lights gleaming from the different buildings made it a beautiful scene.

On May 6, at 5 p. m., two days and four hours later than schedule time, the Mongolia steamed slowly out of the harbor; and oh, joy beyond words, we were on board bound for home!

We had never known before just how we loved home and country, but we knew then. Three days later we reached Shanghai, then crossed to Nagasaki, where we spent a most uncomfortable night while the ship was coaling; for, in addition to the noise, all portholes were closed and the air of the cabin was most trying. On again to Kobe, where for more than thirty-eight hours they loaded freight, till we wondered where they could possibly put it all; then on to Yokohama, where we took on still more. We left Yokohama late Sunday afternoon, hoping for a smooth trip, but our hopes were vain, for that night we ran into a severe storm which lasted all the following day

as well. We pitched and rolled, shipping one sea after another, as we headed into the teeth of the gale. For fifteen hours we had the added horror of being without fresh air, as all port-holes and ventilators were obliged to be closed.

Another day and the sea grew quiet, and our trip was comfortable till we reached Honolulu, where we spent the night on shore, which was most enjoyable after being so long on shipboard. We had not realized the full beauty of this ocean paradise from our little glimpse of it on the way out, but now its loveliness charmed us. Its pretty homes, wonderful beach, mountains, and magnificent flowers were really beyond description.

Six days more to San Francisco. We counted them off one by one, and the last one being rough and uncomfortable made us still more thankful that it was the last. How welcome the sight of land once more! And doubly welcome it was when we realized that it was our own land which we had not seen for so long; while over and over we repeated to ourselves the lines learned years before, but until then never fully appreciated:

Our hearts are filled with joy to-day,
We've sighted the Golden Gate;
Its light is beaming o'er our way,
We've sighted the Golden Gate.
Toss'd o'er the sea we've longed for home,
O'er oceans wide for this we've come;
Our journey now is almost done,
We've sighted the Golden Gate.

We docked at 7 p. m., and once more stepped on native soil, once more beheld the beautiful city of San Francisco; and that night on our knees we poured our hearts in thanksgiving to the Father above, who had led us all the way and preserved us from danger, bringing us again to our "desired haven."

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